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THE DEATH OF AMERICAN SOCIETY

by RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

IT is to be regretted that Newport never contrived its Proust, so that American society died without the comforting and posthumously valuable attentions of literature during its crepuscular hours. Social historians will long debate before determining with exactitude the moment of demise, for the end eluded even that vigilant necrologist, Mrs. Wharton.

To-day irreverent confusion is inevitable in an impoverished Democracy whose citizens no longer relish caste enhanced by ill-gotten riches. With but few valiant exceptions they refuse even to impugn the motives of a junior Vanderbilt or the grisly punctilio of his "Farewell to Fifth Avenue."

Derided by its children, society is begrudged both the immunity of decent burial and the halo of lavendered memory. It has been tattled into obloquy, exposed, taunted, bombarded with ridicule until even its quondam existence is questioned by a new and mocking generation.

Now and then one does encounter an extant dowager, stiff with stays, and on occasion inviolate with actual diamonds, in some backwater or grim mansion impregnable to time. One retreats as from a dank sarcophagus, grateful for the fresh air of our own rude and turgid age.

Assaults upon the social citadel of the Four Hundred were fairly numerous until the Great War. Stagnant blood and internal scandals had not then weakened the structure sufficiently to afford easy ingress to ambitious millionaires like Henry P. Huntington, who with understandable pique bought Mrs. Siddons and had the Blue Boy scrubbed off to share his loneliness and his rose gardens in Pasadena.

Fifth Avenue once fraternized uneasily with Grosse Point and Nob Hill and treated Lake Forest and her packing-house lords with sniffy condescension. The Southern gentry were napping with their memories; self-esteem perpetuated only by handsome volumes of the "War of the Rebellion" which gathered dust in slightly mortgaged libraries. The West winked at its Crockers and Stanfords; sent the brash "Silver Dollar" Tabor to wed his mistress in Washington and slap a President on the back.

Washington was a law unto itself, always assimilative, governed by the administration's prestige and for a time by self-styled social arbiters. The legations lent color and changing legislators contributed piquancy to its social life. Yet despite the dignity of the White House, Capital society earned derision equal to that being heaped upon the careless scions of New York families. Items such as the MacLeans and their Hope diamond, the Alice-Dolly spitting bout, and Ettie Garner's domesticity were bread and circus to American readers before the writing Roosevelts turned society into something of a Sunday-school picnic.

Society died because it was rotten at its roots, but no amount of sterling sap could have fed the numerous branches grafted on after 1914. It dowered nearly every dubious title from Monaco to the Balkans; mated with pugilists and Tin Pan Alley; slept with the stage; lionized pansy playwrights and trans-Atlantic flyers; leased its estates to gangsters, and finally succumbed to the M'Divanis and to such venereal follies as the movies.

Caught in the swirl of changing morality it was swiftly submerged in cheap and vulgar divorces, miscegenation, money marriages, amateur theatricals and similar perversions. It became a tony fake that deceived no one.

It lacked central autonomy, regulation, and pride. Despite their butlers, bath-salts and pedigrees of diminishing lustre, members of society soon resembled a Woolworth girl's conception of ladies and gentlemen, first conceived in celluloid by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Today the very pillars of society are less Doric than the lately lamented barber-pole. Proud names that were once earmarks of gentility and ornaments of our testy aristocratic tradition are now semi-trademarks for air-mattresses, pore-cleansing creams, and popular cigarettes.

Hollywood has its John Cabot Lodge and the memoirs of at least one midget would include their Morgan. The Hyde Park Roosevelts resuscitate Reno and even the celebrated Pickfair, the cinema's Mt. Vernon, is no longer a road-house for royalty, but a shuttered wigwam echoing the domestic lamentations of "America's sweetheart."

With a sizzling swish, society, like a gaudy pinwheel, blew itself to bits for the entertainment of the masses. The pity of it is that no writer was sober enough to take notes during the turbulent twenties. Scott Fitzgerald touched one phase in "The Great Gatsby." Sinclair Lewis remained in Zenith, neglecting a major opportunity. Our polished satirists scorned the near-by saturnalia, holding handkerchiefs perfumed with a romantic past to their nostrils. The young Marxians thumbed their dirty noses at Capital, but few of them had ever cooled their pants in a drawing-room.

Literature shirked its job. After Belshazzer's Feast there was no one to pass an ironic literary finger-bowl as Evelyn Waugh did with "Vile Bodies" and scant courtesy in Britain.

The death of a class was accomplished spiritually before the depression virtually cremated the remains and the New Dealers scattered the ashes. Society was decadent and deliriously debauched before it was down to its last yacht and *in extremis* with taxes. Its days of graceful affluence, poise and leadership were over.

Now a few remnants are scattered over the land, like the exiled playmates of Czar Nicholas, scribbling diligently to turn legends into cash, pathetic by-products of the universal doldrums.

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THE STARVING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

by MYRON GRIFFIN

INFREQUENTLY, indeed, are we privileged to watch a young writer—or anyone else—lift himself by the seat of his pants, but that, apparently, is what Mr. William Saroyan is managing to do. While he has not yet hoisted himself far, nor to a position of any great security, there has been a good deal of polite astonishment and applause in the more high-toned literary circles, and we can expect his continued efforts to draw more.

Mr. Saroyan's very first published story started the applause. Here was a young writer—(sixteen years old, the first announcement stated; when later corrected to twenty-six, some of us felt like demanding our money back)—here was a moderately young writer, at least, who seemed able to surpass all previous efforts in the shedding of beautiful, bitter tears. Not for Minnie the scrubwoman, nor Rosie the prostitute, nor Joe the factory slave: all that was old stuff, stale. Mr. Saroyan struck a brand new note, an original one: he wept for himself. For the young Armenian writer whose stories invariably came back, whose belly was hungry, whose pockets contained but a solitary, shiny, American cent. And it was very beautiful.

So sad and beautiful, indeed, that Mr. Saroyan has been able to weep frequently, of late, on some very good grades of eggshell paper. When he put his mind to it, he discovered a number of things about himself which were really quite sad. His room was cold. His hands froze in his cold room, his phonograph and typewriter froze. Once even his hair froze. And then there were a few things like being behind with the rent and needing a hair-cut, which was good stuff to fill in with. But the very saddest thing was the torture he went through every time he sat down to write a great short story. It was so hard to get over the idea of how stiff and cold and sincere he was. How elusive the ultimate answer. How his heart bled for Mickey Mouse and all those Assyrians, how hard to find the right word to begin with on that cheap yellow paper. How glorious to be alive, of course; but mostly big, beautiful, sad things.

The phonograph records and the doll for the little girl in the doorway. That was particularly sad. They were Schubert and Brahms all right, but the woman in the shop could only give him a dollar for them. Then, the dollar shot in a crap game, Saroyan couldn't buy a doll for the little girl who stood crying in the doorway. Society must be haywire, Saroyan thought, when a writer didn't have money for those emergencies. He wrote a little piece about it.

Then there was the time when he pawned his typewriter and went on a bust. There was nothing sad about that. But the scene where he and the beloved typewriter were reunited was, he saw, swell stuff, and he sat right down to write a story about it. As always, it was torture. Here he was, furiously smoking a cigarette in a tiny room, about to write a story, about to say something and see if it was the right thing. The moment was of great importance, he said. He was afraid, horribly afraid, of being clever. He wasn't.

We got no story then. We got only a kind of prefatory shadow-boxing, a storm, as it were, before the calm. And Mr. Saroyan shows little intention of writing of anything else. Why should he? It is pleasant to let your hair freeze and weep about your own spiritual belly-aches, and furthermore the editors of *Story* seem inclined to weep along for a time; *Random House* has uttered one volume of wails in an impressive fashion; and Mr. Edward J. O'Brien is in all probability weeping happy tears and many asterisks. Things are coming on.

But there may be trouble ahead. Mr. Saroyan is bound to come into a little money. What then? The pockets that held the solitary cent will jingle pleasantly, the little cell will be all nice and warm, the phonograph records redeemed, lots of food and drink and the landlady, all smiles, coming up to see the famous man with her own rejected manuscripts. What to do, then, for story ideas?

Maybe this. Pieces about how beautiful and sad it is to have money and not to be able to write great short stories. Not even to want to write great short stories. They ought to be pretty tragic.

Either that or Mr. Saroyan will change his tune and attempt to give us something which has a more serious claim on our attention. Nothing more about the phonograph records. Take a lesson from those phonograph records, Saroyan. When you put the needle on, they scratch for a while. Sometimes you have to wait for some little time, but they don't go on that way forever. They do, finally, give you a little music.

DEATH ON THE CARRETERA

by MUNA LEE

University of Puerto Rico

Coffins and funerals are, as the Spanish phrase has it, "very present" in Puerto Rico; it would be difficult to play any changes upon the theme that would evoke surprise. Only yesterday as we came down the long walk bordered by bright hedges of hibiscus and royal palms architectural and frondant, two hearses shot past the entrance, racing each other along the crowded *carretera.* One was a large black hearse with a large black coffin inside, and the other a medium gray hearse with a coffin also gray. They darted expertly through a throng of Rolls-Royces, Fords, Baby Austins, pedestrians, oxen on the hoof, *jibaros* from the mountains astride small native horses descended from the steeds of the Conquistadors, and omnibuses. No one gave a second glance to the macabre racers as they speeded out of sight.

Funeral parlors are usually open to the public gaze, with an alluring casket of painted wood—violet, more than likely—displayed in the doorway. One meets the little hearse for children of the poor, bright blue with two carved and gaily colored child-angels on top, nodding in lifelike fashion with the turning wheels. A procession of children goes by, bearing a tiny coffin with withering gaudy wreaths; the spectacle like a child's travesty of a funeral procession —except that it is a funeral procession. Or adults with a heavier coffin pace slowly along the interminable road to the cemetery; the mourners, also on foot, bringing up the rear.

All too frequently a man walks down the crowded *carretera* not noticing and not noticed, a pitifully small coffin on his head. Such caskets are usually wrapped in bright crêpe paper, baby pink or baby blue, though sometimes even red or yellow, with enormous paper bows, festive as a Christmas package. They resemble in fact, all too hideously, those oblong boxes of sweets which itinerant vendors likewise bear along the *carretera* on their heads . . . except that these latter caskets are usually of stained wood, dark and sober.

Once in Arecibo I saw a pushcart hearse. Once in Martin Peña we passed a vendor who held up suddenly to our startled gaze a roast suckling pig, scrawny and golden-tan, for all the world like a naked baked baby. And once in Ponce, when a *señora* of great wealth and liberality died, the poor of the town, wishing to do her honor, turned out in full force and followed the coffin down the street, weeping and throwing confetti after it all the way to the cemetery.

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THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD VS. THE NEW DEAL

by CHARLES ANGOFF

Editor, The American Mercury

THE United States is obviously in for some mighty changes in its political and economic life. Like all of us, I have my own ideas as to what direction these changes will take, but that is not what I wish to discuss here. My chief concern at the moment is to bring austere scientific method to bear upon the social experimenting that is already going on in the land under the New Deal. Many of the innovations inaugurated by President Roosevelt are frankly experimental, as he himself has admitted on several occasions. This, I suppose, is all right. But what puzzles me is that the President and his fellow New Dealers have not thought of what the physical and biological scientists call a control upon their experiments. To be sure, men and women cannot be shifted about like so many test tubes or white mice. But that does not mean that a whole nation has to go through the horrors of the trial and error method. Why not confine the experiments to one section of the country? Which section, then?

The country is divided into forty-eight Federal states, all equal in the eyes of the central authority. Actually, however, they are no more equal than a random group of forty-eight individuals. Massachusetts is plainly a more pleasant place to live in, for an intelligent man, than, say, Georgia, and New York is far more inviting on all counts than Arkansas, and so on down the line. In 1931 *The American Mercury* conducted an extensive investigation into the relative standing of the forty-eight states on all important points of interest, which investigation resulted in the conclusion that Mississippi is easily the worst American state. It has a bad climate, no important industries or manufactures, no efficient police, and its rating in such matters as newspaper and magazine circulation, literacy, and expenditures on public education is the lowest in the country.

I therefore suggest that Mississippi be treated as a convict state, and that hereafter all social experimentation be first tried upon it. If a particular experiment works there, the probabilities are that it will work in the rest of the country. If the experiment fails, it need not be inflicted upon the rest of the country. The failure, no doubt, will bring some hardship upon the citizens of Mississippi, but that need not bother us very much, for the state is, by all known statistics and by personal observation, a disgrace to the nation. Its submission to such social experimentation as I have outlined would really be a godsend to it; it would thereby achieve its sole reason for being allowed to remain in the Union.

Medical investigators frequently call upon condemned murderers and life convicts to submit to dangerous scientific experimentation, with freedom as the prize of success. Why may not a nation call upon its convict state to submit to social experimentation, with self-respect as the prize both of success and failure? If the elected leaders of the state really had the interests of their commonwealth at heart, they would leap for the chance to do precisely what I have outlined. By becoming the recognized experimental centre of the nation—I foresee, of course, a special act of Congress to this effect—Mississippi would instantly and for the first time be able to walk the earth on an equal footing with Iowa, Oregon, South Carolina, Utah, North and South Dakota, and perhaps even Rhode Island. I cannot guarantee that it would, by the mere fact of becoming the national social laboratory, earn the right to associate with Massachusetts or New York, but I am sure that the citizens of Mississippi are reasonable enough not to ask for too much. Say what you will about them, they do have several of the attributes of ordinary human beings, and among these attributes I am the first to place a sense of proportion. I am sure all impartial persons will agree with me on this point.

The CWA, the CCC, the AAA, the PWA, and several of the other children of the New Deal, have admittedly not brought peace and plenty to the United States, but the country as a whole had to suffer to learn all of this. Would it not have been better if these schemes had first been tried upon Mississippi? Their failure there would have saved the rest of us a lot of misery and false hoping, and Mississippi would have won the nation's respect for its heroism. The success of these experiments would have helped it, and their failure certainly would not have made it any worse off than it is.

The New Dealers no doubt have many more experiments up their sleeves, such as inflation, the dole, etc. It is not too late for them to give serious consideration to my plan. I can't think of any rational objection to it; it is, after all, only another experiment. Congress will meet in January, and I can think of nothing better it could do for the nation than to designate Mississippi—in perfect Constitutional manner, of course—as the social laboratory of the country. Such an act would not do anybody any harm, and it would be only polite to Mississippi.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

No. 2

Associated Press Dispatch to the New York Herald-Tribune:

Los Angeles, Calif.—Superior Judge Harry F. Sewell, who for weeks has been presiding over an empty court room, was arrested early today and taken to the psychopathic ward of the General Hospital. Should he be tried and found intemperate, he would either be put on probation or committed to a state institution.

The presiding judge had refused to assign cases to Judge Sewell the last two weeks, alleging that he was intoxicated on the bench.

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ANATOL IN BERLIN

(With more than mere apologies to Schnitzler and "Abschieds-souper")

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A private room in Horcher's restaurant, about supper-time.

Max (*as Anatol begins to pace the room nervously*): Suppose she doesn't turn up after all.

Anatol: It's only ten. She couldn't be here yet.

Max: The performance must be over long ago.

Anatol: Give her time to take her paint off and dress. Shall I go over and wait for her?

Max: Don't spoil her.

Anatol (*laughing mirthlessly*): Spoil her . . . spoil her!

Max: I know . . . you behave like a brute to her. Well . . . that's one way of spoiling them.

Anatol: No doubt. But, my dear Max . . . when I tell you . . . ach, Himmel!

Max: I see! There's another she you have your eyes on?

Anatol: Yes.

Max (*with fullest comprehension*): Ah!

Anatol (*rapturously*): And what another!

Max: Please to describe her.

Anatol: She makes me feel as I've never felt before. She . . . I can't describe her. She's an andanté! If I take her a bunch of violets, the tears come into her eyes.

Max: So you've had supper every night this week with Mimi anyway?

Anatol: So I have. Two suppers every night this week! One with the girl I want to win, and the other with the girl I want to lose . . . I remember telling Mimi . . . when we first met . . . when we swore that nothing should part us . . . my dear, I said, whichever first discovers that the thing is wearing thin must tell the other one straight out.

Max: Besides swearing that nothing should part you. Good!

Anatol: Yes . . . but when it comes to the point . . . somehow I can't tell her. She'll cry. I know she'll cry, and I can't bear that. Suppose she cries and I fall in love with her again . . . then it won't be fair to the other one.

Max: And the one thing you can't stand, my dear Anatol, is deceit?

Anatol: It'll be easier with you here. There's an honest, unromantic air about you that would dry any tears.

Max: Happy to oblige. And how shall I start? Tell her she's better off without you? How can I?

Anatol: Something of that sort. Tell her she won't be losing so much.

Max: Yes. . . .

Anatol: That there are hundreds of better-looking men . . . men better off . . . younger men.

Max: Handsomer, richer . . . younger.

At this point, the waiter shows in Mimi.

Waiter: This way, Madame.

Enter Hitler.

NEWSPAPERS OF THE OLD WEST

by GEORGE FITZPATRICK

HISTORIANS of the West, who have written about everything from Redskins and the fight at Red Dog to the discovery of gold, have barely scratched the surface of a very fertile field.

The newspaper of the Old West was a unique product that deserves some attention. A combination anthropologist-psychologist-historian after a protracted study of the yellowed files of early day Western journals might be able to give the world a good picture of what the wild and woolly days were all about.

A more casual investigator would get a deal more fun simply picking out the little gems of salty writing. Read without regard for historical significance, the pages of dusty, old files provide an abundance of amusing reading.

Those early writers who heard the call of adventure and followed Horace Greeley's advice were a fearless crew of the frontier type, who have been caricatured into immortal fame by the Wild West magazines. They fought duels and fist fights, made their pen as mighty as the six-shooter, and in their weekly scrivenings treated their public to some mighty entertaining reading.

Most of the early editors had little money to work with, but they did the best they could with poor printing-presses, little type variety, and poor newsprint. Sometimes they were a day or two late with the paper or missed an edition entirely.

In June, 1876, the Albuquerque *Review* was printed on manila wrapping paper, and Editor McGuinness explained that it was due to slowness of subscribers in paying up.

But whatever they printed the paper on, or whether the faded print could be read at all, the customer usually got his money's worth in the review of the week's happenings.

Once in a while fetching titbits are quoted from the early-day Dodge City papers and from the famed Tombstone *Epitaph*. The musty files of Albuquerque, Santa Fé, and Las Vegas papers which flourished in the pre-railroad era provide typical examples of the reportorial style of the period.

It was the age of personal journalism, and the writer's comments and views liberally sprinkled his stories. Some of the editorials today appear grossly libelous and frequently vindictive but they were the product of the frontier environment.

There is some high jocosity and writing of the tongue-in-cheek variety in the old dailies and weeklies. The desperadoes were treated lightly by the press and, when a fast-shooting marshal or posseman finally beat a tough *hombre* to the draw, details were presented in half-humorous style, usually under a one-column head with some such caption as "Exit Bad Bill" or "Died With His Boots On."

In such stories the writer pointed the moral that "crime never pays" by making it plain where the bad men went.

The Albuquerque *Journal*, reporting the capture of five cattle thieves on July 13, 1881, said: "No ceremony was used. The ropes were speedily adjusted, and five cattle thieves were soon shoveling coal."

The town of Cimarron, which vied with Dodge City and Tombstone for the record of being the toughest town of the West, had killings so frequently in the principal saloon, operated by Henry Lambert, that the saying of the day was, "Lambert had another man for breakfast".

The Las Vegas *Gazette* announced one day in 1875, however, that things were quieting down. "Cimarron is quiet", said a first page item. "No one has been killed there for at least three days."

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The following year, the town was back to normal and the *Gazette* advised its readers in a report of a bloody gun-fight that "Cimarron is becoming a decidedly interesting neighborhood and life insurance companies are instructing their agents not to take any more risks in that section".

Life was decidedly interesting for the publisher of the Cimarron *News-Press,* and he awoke one morning to find that a group of cowboy bad men had dismantled his press and had thrown his cases of type in the river—as a joke!

Even the county correspondents followed the style-sheet of the period. One, in reporting a hanging in his bailiwick for the *Gazette,* wrote that the victim was cut down after nine and one-half minutes and discovered to be still alive. He was hanged again—this time for twenty minutes—until it was made certain there was no life.

"Such slip-ups do not occur often and are to be regretted," his account pointed out.

In those days Las Vegas numbered among its prominent citizens such men as Dirty Face Mike, Kickapoo George, Fly Speck Sam, Cold Deck George, Hold-Out Jack, Handsome Harry the Dance Hall Rustler, Beefsteak Mike, the Pock-Marked Kid, Chuck-a-Luck Betts, One-Armed Jim the Gambler, and scores more with names equally picturesque. So it is probably no wonder that the reading public demanded something a bit more enlivening than the conventional newspaper accounts we get today.

Hundreds of thousands of words have been written about Billy the Kid, the so-called Robin Hood desperado of New Mexico, but he has fared much better in the accounts of modern biographers than at the hands of contemporaries.

Under the heading "Obituary", the Santa Fé *Democrat* carried the following three-paragraph account of his death in its issue of July 21, 1881:

Billy Bonney, alias Antrim, alias Billy the Kid, the twenty-one-year-old desperado, who is known to have killed sixteen men, and who boasted that he killed a man for every year of his life, will no more take deliberate aim at his fellow man and kill him, just to keep himself in practice. He is dead; and he died so suddenly that he did not have time to be interviewed by a preacher or to sing hymns or to pray before that vital spark had flown, so we cannot say positively that he has clum the shining ladder and entered the pearly gates.

The bullet that struck him left a pistol in the hands of Pat Garrett at Fort Sumner last Saturday morning about half-past 12 a. m. in the room of Pete Maxwell. Governor Wallace will now breathe easier, as well as many others whom he had threatened to shoot on sight.

No sooner had the floor caught his descending form which had a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other than there was a strong odor of brimstone in the air, and a dark figure with the wings of a dragon, claws like a tiger, eyes like balls of fire, and horns like a bison hovered over the corpse for a moment, and with a fiendish laugh, said: "Ha, ha! This is my meat!" and then sailed off through the window. He did not leave his card, but he is a gentleman well known to us by reputation and thereby hangs a "tail".

Editors of the old West recognized no rules or standards of reporting. Some of the stories indicate that they wrote for their own entertainment as well as that of the readers.

The early Albuquerque papers are sprinkled with saucy comments about life in general.

In September, 1883, when Albuquerque heard of the death of Luke Short, the cowboy killer, the *Journal* reviewed his life and ended the biography on this note: "In 1877 he lived in Nebraska, but he got along for a whole year without killing anybody."

Bucky O'Neil, who has a statue to his memory in Prescott for his part in the charge on San Juan hill with Roosevelt's Rough Riders, was a gay young blade in the early eighties, and in February, 1882, the Phoenix *Herald* reported the "wild, wicked whirlwind of San Simon is in Albuquerque." The Albuquerque *Journal* took note and advised Mr. O'Neil editorially that "while the wild, wicked whirlwind resides in this town he will do well to subside into a gentle zephyr."

Reporting politics in those days was really something for a man to spread his talents on. Reporting a political rally at a nearby town, the Albuquerque *Citizen* in 1883 narrated that "Soandso furnished the wine and Col. Somebody Else made a speech in five languages", while most of the crowd was "drunk in three languages and sober in none".

The editors weren't the only ones who were outspoken. The subjects of stories and interviews sometimes spoke their minds quite frankly and with a little old-fashioned swearing. The truthful purveyors of the daily news put it all into print, and didn't even hesitate at the words that men use only among themselves—or at home when they can't find a missing collar-button.

Interviewing was sometimes difficult, and the Las Vegas *Gazette* made it one of the higher arts when its reporter tackled General Phil Sheridan, whom the paper had three years previously described as "a little, hump-backed, bullet-headed Irishman with a bloated face".

The interview was featured on Page 1 under a one-column head with six inches of decks in the *Gazette* of March 29, 1883. Here is the story just as it appeared:

FRISKY PHIL

Gazette Reporter Holds Interesting Interview with the Hero of Winchester

The Great Warrior Receives the Newspaperman With Open Arms; He is More or Less Broken up on the Craft Anyway

He Travels in a Special Military Coach and Lives on the Fat of the Land

Sheridan Is Many Miles Away, but the Champagne We Drank with Him Lingers with Us Still

We Feel a Little Puffed Up Over Our Success Attending Our Reception By Little Phil, but Man is Mortal

May He Who Watches Over the Sparrows of the Field Never Remove His Field Glasses from the Diminutive Form and Great Soul of Phil Sheridan

Gen. Phil Sheridan and staff passed through the city yesterday in an elegant private coach bound for Washington. The party is in excellent spirits as the following will show.

Reporter—hat in hand and smiling blandly—"General, I am a member of the great daily press. I have been deputized by the owners of the Las Vegas *Gazette* to propound to you a few interrogations.

"Where are you going, General? Where have you been traveling to, and what is your program in the future."

General Sheridan responded thusly:

"It is none of your God-damned business, sir."

Here the interview ended.

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A STONEWALL JACKSON MAN

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

ON August tenth of this year there died, at the home of John Woods, of Grayson County, Virginia (my own county), a fine old commoner, Mr. George W. Sells. He was almost ninety-three years old and, except for a short interval, had lived all of his life in one mountain community. The interval was full of rich meaning for him.

Mr. Sells left Grayson when he was a young man to go into the Confederate army and to become a Stonewall Jackson man, and he was with Jackson in the swift marches, the plunging attacks and the determined stands that made Jackson what Lee called "his right arm."

They didn't begin to get Lee until Jackson was gone, shot by accident by one of his own men in the same battle . . . the bloody battle of Chancellorsville . . . in which our mountain man, George Sells, was also desperately wounded.

The bullet that got George Sells went through his upper arm as he was raising the arm to fire. The ball went on into his shoulder, making a great hole, and lodged there, stayed there until he died.

In the last five years of his life the old man, a thin, tough-fibered old fellow, rode often past my house in Grayson County, Virginia. We stopped many times to talk by a bridge or under a tree beside the road and we talked always of the Civil War.

"And did you go by the Furnace Road and then by the Brock Road to get to Hook's flank?"

"Yes. In the night."

In every battle there must be a moment. Grant knew and Lee knew. "Wait until they think you are licked and turn upon them." Grant at Shiloh and Lee at Chancellorsville. Joe Hooker, the Northern general, sending messages to Washington. "Lee is licked," etc. It is exciting to talk to a man who has taken part in such a moment.

It was a turning point in the war, when Lee began to thrust desperately into the North, the thrust that ended at Gettysburg; and in Washington, Lincoln was desperate. He had tried McClellan and then Burnside, who got his at Fredericksburg.

And then came Joe Hooker, called "Fighting Joe." Joe was a good deal the braggart. He talked too much and too big. He had even gone about talking of a dictatorship . . . "What this country needs is a dictator."

Nevertheless, Lincoln put him in there to stop Lee and at Chancellorsville Hooker thought he had done it. "You give us victories and I'll take care of the dictatorships," Lincoln had said to Hooker.

And Hooker thought he had done it until Stonewall Jackson made his march.

Another quick march, in the late day, in the night, by little country roads . . . George Sells, the Grayson County, Virginia, boy, marching with the others at the heels of Stonewall Jackson's horse. Oh, thou grim Presbyterian!

Through the woods, past little old Virginia houses, much like Southern mountaineers' houses. "There goes Stonewall Jackson and his men. Look out, Hooker."

There was Howard, trying to feel his way around Lee's flank when Jackson and his men came roaring down at them.

(Me, to George Sells, on a country road in Grayson.)

"And did you give 'em the Rebel yell?"

"We did that."

"And would you give me a sample of it now? I'm a Yank, you know."

He did. He sat on his horse and I was standing beside the horse in a country road. He stood up in his stirrups and there was a wild yell, half scream. The cry itself seemed like a living thing, flying over the hills, under the trees, and I shivered, hearing it. It may have been some old Yank tribal fear in me, hearing the yell on a rainy day in the Virginia hills.

So there was George Sells coming down, "out of the wilderness," with the Stonewall Jackson men—they giving that yell, Howard's forces crumbling up before the attack, another Northern disaster . . . "good-bye, fighting Joe Hooker, thou windy one . . . make way for Meade now and presently for Grant . . . another Westerner, like Hooker, but no braggart."

"Old Joe Hooker,
Won't you come out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness,
Out of the wilderness."

Jackson's men roaring down on Howard and, at the same moment, Lee himself on the move.

They got George Sells. He went down, lay writhing on the ground, blood spurting from his wounds.

"How long did you lie there?"

He said it must have been many hours. They didn't get to him, to cart him in to the field hospital, until the next day. They dropped him there. He said doctors kept going past him. "Look here," he cried, "I want some attention here!"

Now and then a doctor would stop for a moment, look down at him, take a look at his wounds. "I'd take your arm off, man, but it's no use. You'll be dead in an hour. There are men here who have a chance for life."

"Dead, eh?"

George Sells chuckled telling me of it. The doctors were like Joe Hooker. They were too cock-sure. "I told 'em, 'I'll live past all of ye,' and I have. They told me that and they're all dead now and I'm here and I've got my arm.

"I got my Yankee bullet too. It's flat there, against the bone of my shoulder." The old man chuckled the last time he told me about it. He gave me, at my request, the rebel yell again.

Mr. George Sells was a sturdy American commoner, a farmer. He worked hard all of his life on the land. He acquired land, a strip of woods here, a valley bottom piece there. He asked favors of no man. He was a man worth knowing. He was a good neighbor. He died, at ninety-three, August tenth, nineteen hundred and thirty-four.

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RIDING THE FIRE ENGINE

by KENNETH CAMPBELL
Editorial Staff, New York World-Telegram

THAT strident clatter which you hear amid the basso profundo of major union labor protest is caused by the country's newspaper editorial workers angrily rattling their economic gyves. Hitherto mute in labor matters, they have given voice to a lusty "How about us?" and have banded together to make their protests heard.

They have organized The Newspaper Guild of America and have gone on the picket line to make good their demands for higher wages and better working conditions.

What sort of people are these workers, what is their position in the nation's life, and what chance have they of getting what they want?

The editorial branch of the newspaper business is composed to a large extent of men and women recruited from a strange and eerily precocious stratum of American life. This stratum is a sort of a cultural middle ground inhabited by emotionalistic gipsies. William Bolitho, in his sorting of world types, has cast Isadora Duncan as chief protagonist of the dwellers in this zone.

Today, the reporters and news writers who are so demonstrably drawn from this class are marching under reddish banners with demands startlingly like those of pants-pressers. Romany is demanding the enforcement of Section 7A.

The "average newspaper man" is as hard to find as the common man of the cartoon, but certain case histories occur with sufficient frequency to be available for rule-of-thumb guidance.

A great many newspaper people come from small towns and from families in which the tone is one of mild Edwardian bohemianism—the cultural betwixt and between which, while it is socially on the correct side of the railroad track, still falls somewhat short of the dignity of the formal professions.

As children, these embryo journalists went avidly through the hodge-podge family book-case and took to the Carnegie library under the admiring gaze of parents who saw them bourgeoning into poets when they were only impairing their eyesight and neglecting their algebra.

If any progress has been made in ministering to the educational needs of this type, such progress has been made since the present crop of newspaper folk left school. In their school days teachers could only be puzzled.

"Harry is easily the best boy in his class in English, but he simply won't try with his geometry and Latin, Mrs. Randell. He writes brilliantly, but what is he going to do about his college boards next Spring?"

At about this time Harry discovers the local newspaper office with the unerring instinct of a duckling finding the pond. He goes to work for nothing, or for five dollars a week, but he can ride the fire engine. Hatless, he sprints from the newspaper office with a wad of copy-paper in his pocket and rides to the fire while other boys, who won't have so much trouble with the comprehensive math examination, look on with envy.

Harry may manage a couple of years at college or he may even get a diploma. Of course, he works for the college paper and then he is ready for his jump to the next largest city.

Here he plunges into the police station, saloon and cat-house life of the city and becomes a full-fledged excitement addict. Here, fires are bigger and there are coon and wop cutting-matches to be covered. He starts short stories that he doesn't finish, and writes poetry that were best left unfinished, and marries the assistant society editor, who promptly produces a baby.

At this point, Harry's sturdy bourgeois acquisitiveness may conquer his feeble bohemianism and he may become an advertising man or perhaps even a small publisher, of sorts. If he goes on in the editorial field he may go to New York or Chicago and wriggle onto one of the big newspapers, where he remains for a while and finally yields to the blandishments of politics, advertising, or the movies or radio. Whether he stays in the editorial department depends largely upon how deeply he is enslaved by the excitement addiction that first lured him onto the fire engine at home.

If he remains a reporter he is puzzled at first and finally discouraged and sore at what he considers the unfair pay scale accorded to news men. It cannot escape him that he is a bright young man and, lo, here he is working for little money.

Here the newspaper reporter is brought up sharply against the value that the economic system places on the work that he does. He may think that his calling is not accorded sufficient respect and remuneration, but can he change the verdict of history in the matter? What he thinks about his status makes very little difference, since his salary is paid by the publisher, who is a business man.

"We might as well have gone on the cops," was the remark frequently heard when the Guild was being formed. "They average higher pay than we do. And look at lawyers. Most of them are bluffers and many are crooks. The average lawyer hasn't half our intelligence."

This is perfectly true. It is also very much beside the point. What is the verdict of the solid burgher—the business-man publisher who pays newspaper salaries?

The publisher, like any business man, knows that the cop guards his property, of which he is extremely fond. The cop may be an Irish numskull, but he has to be paid more than he could make carrying a hod or he will carry a hod. That the cop has no literary pretensions makes as little difference to the publisher as the fact that his reporter frequently has such pretensions.

Similarly with the lawyer. The publisher, a man of property, is confused and terrified by the workings of the law and will pay well and stand in some awe of the man who can guide him through the gloomy maze. He cannot be convinced that his reporter is that valuable to him. He wants to be friendly with his reporter, but he knows that hundreds of his kind will spring up to take his place and do his unspecialized work if the reporter quits.

Casting the publisher in the rôle of villain is as easy as it is foolish. He is simply a propertied man who must defend his property if he is to keep it. Often he fancies himself a liberal and tries to work out a policy that will bridge what is rapidly becoming an unbridgeable gulf between those who have and those who have not. He sinks his doubts in hollow cheers for Roosevelt and NRA, but contemplates his rising tax bills with misgivings that in many instances are turning to wrath.

In the face of the strongest evidence to the contrary, the reporter feels that the publisher has a greater sense of social duty than the steel manufacturer or public utilities baron. The conduct of the San Francisco publishers in the recent general strike should, but does not seem to, dispel this hallucination. As the publishers drew together in guileful conspiracy to help smash the strike in the coast city, so will they draw together to smash the Guild if it shows signs of strength.

What weapons have the editorial workers to combat such measures? They do not have class feeling because their class is nondescript and impossible to charter or bound. They do not have solidarity because they are essentially individualists, many of whom would get out of the newspaper business tomorrow if they could get good publicity or movie jobs.

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The reporters have considerable dexterity in handling publicity media and they have succeeded in scaring the wits out of one small New York publisher by the skilful and bellicose use of this dexterity in behalf of their cause. It is doubtful if these methods would scare big-time publishers, however.

It is possible that the Guild will crumble because of divided counsels in its ranks or through the general apathy of editorial men who cannot be convinced that they can command the respect accorded to lawyers by picketing like dock-wallopers. But if it does succeed in hustling and harrying the property-owning publishers, those sturdy burghers will tighten their bonds of mutual self-protection.

The Guild will be stalled off with fair words and chummy conferences in city rooms. There will be a few bribes in the form of small general pay raises or a few judicially placed salary boosts among reporters cool to the Guild. If these methods fail and the issue is drawn, the agitators will be flung out of their jobs on their necks and will get their skulls cracked if they come around picketing.

All this is as it should be. The Guild leaders may cry that these methods are un-American, but these cries will only serve to demonstrate the essential naïveté and lack of historical sense of the Guild organizers.

The plain facts are that the economic structure of this country was established by the efforts of, and for the benefit of, men with enough decent acquisitiveness to establish a money stake in their country's welfare. Guild enthusiasts and others who do not accept this should join the only effective opposition, the Communist party.

This the Guild members will not do, since so many of them are recruited from the right side of the railroad track in small communities and have an inborn repugnance for the sweating proletariat in Union Square.

What, then, is the answer for the newspaper man? There is no ready answer in the instance of persons who deliberately enter and remain in a calling that by its very nature must leave its ranks open to the competition of amateurs and novices.

Many of us now doing newspaper work will remain in the business. If a man can do the kind of newspaper work that is wanted he can make a fair living. If he is very good at it he can make a very good living and can have a lot of fun. And if we don't like the business, that's what we get for being the kind of people that moon in libraries, chase fire engines, and flunk our algebra.

BOLSHEVIKS IN WASHINGTON

by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

In a life full of disappointments, I have just been disappointed again. This time I'm going to let out a yell. Here it is: I CAN'T FIND ANY BOLSHEVIKS IN WASHINGTON! I've been hanging around off and on since last May, meeting people, talking to and at people, but nobody is a Bolshevik.

This is utterly and completely terrible. Here I, a conscientious reader of the conservative press (what else can one do when coverage of the news means something in one's business?) and a fanatical consumer, as a student of ideologies, of all the blasts and broadsides the conservative and reactionary boys get out (I even bought *The Saturday Evening Post* to read Hoover), find myself completely sold. I don't at all like being played for a sucker. I'm sore. I can't find any of the Bolsheviks I have read about so many times and I'd like to, for I like Bolsheviks.

Maybe my standards are too exacting. After all, I do know a Bolshevik from a hole in the ground. You can't take me in by calling Donald Richberg, Rexford Tugwell, Henry Hunt, Jerome Frank, Fred Howe, and Henry Wallace Bolsheviks—or even by alleging that they are Marxists. It's my guess that they don't own one of Marx's books or a Marxist book of any kind, orthodox or heretical. I'll bet the college professors among these alleged Bolsheviks never came closer to Marx than to master a refutation of his doctrines by some American ham Böhm-Bawerk. They aren't Bolsheviks. They are liberals who still believe in Santa Claus. They are still awaiting a new economic prophet who will teach them how to eat their cake and have it too. Only the other day one of them said, "Now it is just possible that all the social inventiveness of the world was not exploded between the two poles of Adam Smith and Karl Marx." Of course, no one ever said it was—nobody not ignorant of history.

Ignoring all the reformers, social legislation experts, corporation managers and lawyers, we still have Henry George, Edward Bellamy and Major C. H. Douglas. Maybe I should add Coin Harvey, who seems to appeal to some of these alleged Bolsheviks. But what of it? Can we sit around waiting for "nature" to throw off a new social inventor? Society is not static but dynamic; Ex-Justice Holmes said that 'way back when Herbert Spencer was an issue. While these boys—and a few girls—are icing the capitalist cake, the owners of it will be jockeyed into the position of shouting, "To hell with the icing," and protecting it from those who really want to take it away from them by force. Where then will be your confectioners of new social inventions? Three guesses.

No—I can't find any Bolsheviks—high or low. I've concluded there aren't any. I've been sold. And I'm damned sore about it. For what will become of me if I can't believe what I read in the papers?

INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING

by JAMES S. DEAN, M.D.

Staff, The Neurological Institute of New York

My hopes for true international understanding dwindle daily. Recently I was invited to a French home in New York for an evening of bridge. My hostess had asked, for my linguistic benefit, an English girl. We chatted pleasantly enough over such matters as accent, the theatre and tennis while sipping a cocktail at the buffet, and, surprisingly, her charm was of such character as to provoke a bit of innocent Southern banter on my part—with minor Anglican adaptations. My host and hostess then excused themselves to fetch others, sufficient to make up two tables. My unblemished blonde followed them to their apartment door, closed it, then walked languorously enough over to the sofa and sat down close beside me. There was a moment's embarrassing silence, then her inimitable Sussex sigh, followed by a whimsical revelation of as sound British teeth as it has been my privilege to observe. With an accent as broad as the road to perdition she concluded, "Well!—shall we begin talking about it right away—or—shall we lead up to it gradually?" My ears having resumed something of their accustomed pallor, I finally managed to say that it had been my habit to employ the more gradual approach, but that, if only for the sake of international accord, I might be adaptable.

May I humbly inquire how on earth I was to know that, of course, she was referring to the yacht races?

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A FACTORY TOWN CALLED HOLLYWOOD

by PRESCOTT CHAPLIN

IN 1872 an Englishman, Edward Muybridge, made some unique and mysterious experiments photographing a galloping horse with a series of still cameras. These photographs when viewed in sequence were the first satisfactory conception of an idea with commercial possibilities as moving pictures. The new child saw the light of day at the Chicago World's Fair and, twenty-one years later, Thomas Edison's Kinetoscope emerged. It was the first motion picture machine.

Thirty odd years have elapsed since the summer of '93 and Edison's gadget has become an important part of the American public's daily life. The same span of years saw the picture business arrive at the place where it was a serious contender for the business of penny arcades, where it was exhibited in shooting galleries, converted stores and barns, where it was captained by ex-pants pressers, glove makers, butchers, and vaudeville flops. A long, hard course —single reels to Hyper-super-features. From outright ballyhoo to an accepted pattern of modern entertainment.

Adolph Zuker imported the first full-length motion-picture from Europe—"Queen Elizabeth"—starring Sarah Bernhardt. In no time Jesse Lasky was making "The Squaw Man" in a ramshackle barn in a California town called Hollywood. Time marched on and the little citrus village became a serious contender for the crown that was Broadway's. The lemon grove was becoming a thorn in the side of the producers of strawberry gulch. Money was made and lost and the galloping tin-types were moving up a notch at the box-office.

The public eagerly received these longer pictures. Almost overnight the old two-reelers became passé, merely program fillers. New producing companies came and went—a new kind of showman bobbed up. Stores were rented and stuffy little street shows were the thing of the hour. The public flocked in and the stage got the first real sock on the chin. Out in Hollywood glowing signs were tacked up. Paramount—Artcraft—Cosmopolitan—Lubin—Essanay. Carl Laemmle, a merchant from the plains, took his Imp company to the San Fernando valley and there built a city for his operations. Imp gave way to the more imposing, practically all-engulfing tag of Universal. The battle of the future was on.

The motion-picture business began to take itself seriously. Spotted among its choice assortment of "ham" were a few stray artists from the stage who had come West to take a look at the new gold rush. It was a mad-house, a gold mine, and a revelation. If this barnstorming was acting, they could make a million with their hands folded. The directors were ex-spear carriers, ex-undertakers, shirt salesmen, brick-layers, and what not. The owners, the self-conscious squatters of Hollywood, modestly referred to themselves as producers. What a kick for the few artists who had walked the boards. Broadway laughed—and held P. T. Barnum in higher esteem. Later, when the razz died down, the showmen from the lemon grove amended the label—they called themselves the "Infant Industry." Broadway was topped—what *could* it say? Still later this weak amendment became the static alibi.

Even the various metaphors regarding the "Infant Industry" were to be regurgitated for what the motion picture trade press referred to as "the event of sound." And what a life-saver this was! "The advent of sound" found the picture business almost in hock. Some of the producers were calmly waiting for the sheriff to arrive, while others were looking around for a new racket. What has been so often described as the "real art" of the motion picture, the silent versions, had reached a deadline. The customers simply weren't coming up to the box-office.

To recapitulate a moment:

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Here is a most disconcerting answer to people who claim that wars must be inevitable. Mr. Gregg shows how nations and races have defended their rights in the past without bloodshed; how a weaker nation can defend its rights *today* against a stronger nation without resorting to violence. *Introduction by Rufus M. Jones, LLD.* $2.50.

By LIPPINCOTT

Some years previous, Dr. Lee de Forest had bethought himself of a substitute for the galena crystal in radio receivers. This substitute emerged in the form of the audion tube, which was finally made commercially feasible in the early twenties. The result was radio broadcasting. Wall Street had quietly moved into this strange new business, and emerged with the radio industry in the control of few mammoth electrical corporations.

Shortly after, the Radio Corporation of America was the dominant force in the field of entertainment by electrolysis. Just as quietly, and practically unknown to Hollywood, the electrical combines went ahead with the development of an apparatus for the synchronization of sound with motion pictures. By 1927 their system was commercially feasible. Heads were made ready for the basket. The Hollywood producers were knocked cold. What would they do? Who owned this new gadget? Some of them thought that it didn't make any difference because this new fangled device would be a flop. Others thought it was colossal and said so. The trade press raved back and forth.

And again Broadway laughed. What would these cowboys do now, she roared. One Broadway producer saw the Hollywood boys walking back to the big town on their uppers. But not yet. This was only a body punch.

In 1927 Warner Brothers had seen their stock drop to the one digit column and were ready and willing to try anything. They went into this new sound device to the hilt. They had nothing to lose and a world to gain. They rushed through a production of "The Jazz Singer"—with the greatest reigning musical comedy star of the decade, Al Jolson. The day of the world première of "The Jazz Singer," Warner Brothers stock hurtled from the one to the three

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digit quotation. The picture industry was again revolutionized.

In their "front offices," the producers of rival companies must have trembled in their custom-built oxfords. These outlaws—these independents—these Warner fellers had popped a question the answer to which was to cost millions. Had they only known!

The major producers rushed in to buy this new sound apparatus. They found to their astonishment that here, for the first time in their checkered careers, was a commodity that could not be bought. All they could get from "the Street" was a lease on this magic equipment. The fans yelled for more. They wanted to see all the dames and mugs of the screen, or rather *hear them talk*. What an order!

Hollywood was undeniably left holding the bag. It was the old game of snipe-hunting.

They sunk millions. New talent . . . new stages . . . new this and that. Cinematic hysteria. Broadway was taking it right on the point of the chin now. She was being raided—her stages were sacked and she was left cold in the middle of the ring. A knockout.

The gold rush of 1928-29 was on. Every New York actor worth his salt was snapped up by the talkies. European stars taxed Ellis Island.

It was the same old story. Every one for himself and the devil take the last one. The lemon grove looked like an insane asylum. Company names were changed so often that even the sign-painters became confused.

Production rolled as it never had before. It was the old cost plus plan of the shipyard days of the war. Use anybody's money but make talkies . . . fast. The Hollywood producers were bound for a down-hill crash on greased wheels. They ground out phonograph records for the screen both night and day. Finally the hard hand of over-production jerked them to their senses with a bang. The market was as frozen as the North Pole, and twice as cold.

Have you ever seen seven or nine reels of passionate cinematic "art" packed for shipment? The package is slightly smaller than a case of tomatoes—storage batteries, or what-not, but not totally unlike its brother commodity. Naturally, cinematic "art" is one product designed to return a profit for its makers. Yet here is one product, despite all the publicized millions made on each epic, that has never made the grade. For the few concerns that can use black ink in their books there are millions in deep red ink in the offing. The picture business is the largest single gold-sink in our industrial formation. At the present writing its losses compare with nothing short of the fall of Rome. And you can believe that or not.

What a flop. Here is an industry that has reached the saturation point quicker than any other known enterprise on earth.

And does Broadway laugh? Oh my yes . . . and how she chuckles to herself. And why not? For this time, Hollywood, her arch-enemy, has finally jumped over the moon.

II

For a moment let us look at the findings of the new owners of the erstwhile "Infant Industry." In inspecting their cinematic white elephant they found:

That ladies' fine underthings gave them one producing team, the delicatessen business another, junk-dealers and pants-makers made up another combination, and an ex-glove maker dictated at still another plant. An ex-cabinet member had built a Sherman anti-trust barricade, a junketing bridal pair had dined at the White House and the Supreme Court had postponed the block-booking case, and, as the market wobbled, 5,000 studio workers were given the pink slip for their Christmas presents. Shades of Mark Hanna—born a half century too late!

They found that artist agents sold actors like so much cord-wood for a ten percent cut, with the morality clauses included; that ex-floozies made four times the salary of the President of the United States, that chatter-writers had at least four "birthdays" a year, and that money poured out of the front doors like the well-known Johnstown flood. Their questions were answered in the following manner:

The Exhibitor blamed the sales organization.
The Sales Organization blamed the producers.
The Producer blamed the director.
The Director blamed the writer.
The Writer blamed the supervisor.
The Supervisor blamed the producer.
The Producer blamed the sales organization.
The Sales Organization blamed the exhibitor.

The new owners went back to their hotel with a feeling that they had just taken over an enormous psychopathic ward. They knew less about their white elephant than when they began to ask questions. But there were some things they did know. And they were:

That no actress was worth $30,000 a week.
That no executive was worth $200,000 a year.
That no property (play or book) was worth $125,000.
That no writer was worth $5,000 a week.
That no director was worth $10,000 a week.

These staggering costs must come down. The gold rush was over—and for all time. They began to take inventory, and to their amazement they discovered that they owned quite a number of stucco sound stages, hundreds of ratty buildings, reams of costly paper, hundreds of expensive contracts, and enough red ink, on the books, to keep a generation in utter slavery.

In the shake-down that followed, which has been active for a number of years, they tried to tell the gentlemen who called themselves "showmen" that they, the new owners, were not in business to produce great men, extra special specials, grand ideas, knockouts, wows and an endless string of carnival jargon. Their aim was very simple. They were in business to make money. The all-embracing shape-up reached to the ground. For three years heads were cut off and new heads replaced . . . and still the books were painted with red ink.

At this writing the banker-backers of the "Infant Industry" have let it become well-known that if the reigning messiahs cannot pull their respective studios out of the mud, someone else can, and will. The present "brains" of the motion picture business can be likened to the kings of Albania—they come and go, with the New York firing squad hot on their heels.

Perhaps you have guessed by now that the new owners of Hollywood didn't exactly *buy* the film factories. They got them as an unwanted gift, let us say. It is a case of the angels being presented with the biggest flop in show business, as the Hollywood boys would put it. The backers were to pay the bills, which, to date, they have done with as much grace as possible. They are gentlemen, and, can we say, scholars.

Wall Street has made other tenuous products pay a profit and so it doesn't exactly see wherein the motion picture racket is any different from any of its past enterprises. Perhaps it is right, but to date no one knows just how it is going to do it.

Broadway can stage her come-back any time now. The field is wide open. Hollywood as the dictator of amusement is done. The public can do with a change of entertainment. The American mob-public is satiated with the same dull, stupid type of amusement, and they have said so in no uncertain terms. There is a broad, long road ahead for the new theatre movement in this country. The cinematic stagnation will push the theatre to the front by leaps and bounds.

Hollywood is on the downward path. True she has a few more

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rabbits up her sleeve but they will run through the novelty stage so fast that the makers of reel art will be startled. Color added to a phonograph record will last just long enough for the fans to see how the various stars look in color and then they will say "So what?" The picture business must centralize and combine to save its life. The new owners must throw good money after bad.

Today the factory town called Hollywood is making a tough stand against the wrath of a million decent people. She must hang out her washing, clean up her product, and put her house in some kind of order. At any cost she must grind on to get out of the red . . . if for no other reason.

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RETURNING TO BACH

by DAVID EWEN

Author, "From Bach To Stravinsky," etc.

EVER since Igor Stravinsky settled in Paris and, coming under the influence of French composers with whipped-cream theories but water talent, discarded his former fine power and genius and began to compose pleasant music sprinkled with toilet-water, the trend in modern-music often referred to as the "Return to Bach" or, more technically, "Neo-classicism" has grown and swollen until today important composers everywhere have been affected by its influence. The day of fearless experimentation and hotheaded revolt in music is about over. The hysterical cacophonies of, say, Edgar Varèse and the distraught polytonal gratings of Poulenc or Schönberg or Alban Berg reached a point in lawlessness and in the flaunting of tradition beyond which it was virtually impossible to go. Modern composers had suddenly come to the end of the road, and their alternative to standing still was to retrace their steps and to return to the world of classicism from which they had fled.

This might very well have been a fruitful development for modern music. There can no longer exist any doubt, even in the minds of the most conservative, that the experimentation of the musical pioneers of the past three decades was not in vain; we have learned much about modern sonorities, dissonance and pliant use of tonalities which, if utilized discreetly, might limitlessly enrich the power of music to give voice to new effects and poignant expressions. A combination of this new technique with the heritage that musical history has bequeathed to us might open up altogether new avenues of musical expression.

Unfortunately, modern composers seem to lack moderation, perspective and balance. Just as in their experimentation of yesterday they did not desist until they had converted musical art into something of tonal chaos, so, in returning to classicism, they did not pause in the nineteenth century, but continued their march until they reached the days of Handel and Bach. The result was that, instead of a fruitful wedlock of classicism with modernist technique, we have had, in the great majority of musical works produced during the past decade, more generally an effete attempt to imitate the simplicity and virginity of seventeenth and early eighteenth century music. Modern composers have once again gone to an extreme. In returning to the past they have completely dissociated themselves from the spirit of their own age and, in their music, have attempted to return to periwigs, doublets and slippers as though they had never known or experienced the machine age.

Their music, as an inevitable result, sounds very much as though it were dressed up for a masquerade.

By returning to the polyphonic style of Bach, the neo-classicist composers hope to free modern music of its cerebralism and to restore to it fine and sensitive and delicate feelings; they also aspire to create a "pure" music which does not have to lean upon a metaphysical, philosophical or literary crutch for support, but which attempts to say through sound that which sound alone can express. Their achievements, however, have not been so tasty as their aims. They have attempted, first of all, to "return to Bach" by composing music that is almost threadbare in its simplicity: the orchestra has been reduced from the grandiose choir of instruments employed by Gustav Mahler and Richard Strauss to a skeleton of its former self; the harmonies seem to originate from schoolboy text-books; the melodic and rhythmic materials are sparse and thin.

The neo-classicists have failed to realize that simplicity was most certainly not the only characteristic of the orchestral music of the seventeenth century; and that, after all, Bach was remote from being "simple" in constructing his works. Even compositions in which Bach attempted to express directly from his heart an elementary emotion proved upon closer inspection to consist of a very complicated and subtle fabric. Study, for example, the chorales "Wachet Auf!", "Wir Glauben All' " and "Ich Ruf' Zu Dir" which, upon casual hearing, appear to be quite unostentatious melodic expressions of a poignant religious emotion, but which, upon scrutiny, disclose a most complex mechanism; their networks of polyphony are certainly as complicated as they are nimble-fingered. Besides, where can one find simplicity in Bach's greatest creations: the tremendous "Kyrie" of the B-minor Mass, the Passacaglia in C-minor, and those magnificent organ fugues in D-minor and G-minor?

Unfortunately, too, the neo-classicists too often mistake ingenuousness for simplicity, and puerile naïvete for crystal-clear lucidity. Take, for example, the latest works of those young Frenchmen, Poulenc and Milhaud. Character and individuality are completely absent; the works are sterile and jejune; this is pseudo-classicism, all technique and little soul. Stravinsky's last period is another eloquent example, beginning with "Renard" and the "Octet" and continuing through such vast expanse of wasteland as the Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, the Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, and the "Capriccio." And while there are scattered passages in the "Symphony of the Psalms" which remind one of the genius that was once Stravinsky, the writing for chorus is almost invariably academic, and the orchestra lacks a spine. Prokofieff was another victim of the poison of the new trend. The free and independent spirit who asserted himself so strongly in "Chout" and the Second Piano Concerto is but a spiritless and uninspired rhetorician in the "Classic Symphony."

Following the banner of these figureheads come marching the troops of younger composers everywhere, with simplicity in their hearts and platitudes on their lips.

One does not minimize the genius of the great Sebastian in acknowledging the fact that we have learned much about the art of musical expression—sonority, tonality, harmony, form—since his day. One merely recognizes the fact that music is a mobile, a growing art. To retrace one's steps two hundred years can never be progress. And why, after all, make a fetich of simplicity?

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NATHAN DIGESTS THE PLAYS

"Within The Gates" (*Sean O'Casey*)—With this play, O'Casey has not only challenged the present-day stage; he has also challenged the present-day dramatic criticism. As the play is a test of the resources of the theatre, so is it, too, a test of the equipment of criticism. In England and in America, criticism has been strapped for so long a time in the sling of shoddy drama that, when such a thing as this emerges, it is so benumbed that it has difficulty in coping with it. The result is humorous, if tragic, confusion. For it is a way with theatrical criticism eventually to take color from its materials and surroundings; it becomes paralyzed out of all emotion and intelligence by the facile trivialities with which it is forced to deal. O'Casey has shot suddenly before its eyes a light, a dazzling light, to which—having been for long in darkness—they are not used; and it has caused much groping and painful blinking.

With a scythe dipped now in a stark and sometimes even colloquial prose and then in a star-singing poetry, O'Casey here mows down all the weeds of corrupting fear and hypocrisy that clutter up what should be the blooming garden of mortal man. And in the mowing he has simultaneously tossed aside and over the wall the outmoded dramaturgy that, with its spurious realism, has converted the modern stage into an orphan of glamour and beauty and misty majesty. His task has been a difficult, a very difficult one, but the genius that contrived "The Plough and the Stars" has not met with defeat. "Within the Gates" is not only one of the finest plays of our time; it is one of the most successful amalgams of true literature and true drama that our modern stage has known.

"Conversation Piece" (*Noël Coward*)—This is part and parcel of the little pretty-pretty theatre: stuff for mentalities in swallow-tails and for stomachs that have to be stimulated by numerous liqueurs. It is mildly agreeable in its little perfumed way, but criticism that looks eagerly to the higher qualities of the theatre reiterates the answer of the eunuchs when 'twas Christmas in the harem.

"Merrily We Roll Along" (*George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart*)—These two clever boys are still clever—there are no cleverer in the American theatre—but their ambition to compose a bitingly important slice of drama must be listed as still an ambition. Essaying to write a tragedy of the artist who compromises with his ideals, they have succeeded in writing only a comedy—with some excellent wisecracks—of a caricature of an artist whose ideals, so to speak, are dramatically articulated chiefly in a college graduation speech and in a subsequent momentarily alluded to scenario for a play about a coal-mine.

"A Sleeping Clergyman" (*James Bridie*)—Sir Barry Jackson, the Otto Kahn of Malvern, picked this one for his annual dramatic festival in England, thus proving himself, when it comes to modern drama apart from Shaw, in his usual form. It is a bloated, verbose and pretentious essay on hereditary influences (Freshman Biology A) laid into a ground plan of early H. Grattan Donnelly-Mary J. Holmes paper-back melodrama. The Theatre Guild has sponsored it in America.

"Personal Appearance" (*Lawrence Riley*)—A movie actress on tour in the provinces lays eye on a handsome filling-station attendant and tries to lay him, in turn, in a nearby barn. The lad is in love with a sweet country-town girl, however, and declines to yield. So the disappointed siren returns sadly to Hollywood. The *conte* is interlarded with ribald and occasionally amusing wisecracks. It has been ecstatically hailed by the metropolitan play reviewers as the cat's.

"Lost Horizons" (*Harry Segall*)—Of the what-would-have-happened-if school of drama. In order to get some life and movement into it, it was played on three revolving stages. In order to get some life and movement into it, is should have been played on Steinach's operating table after a ride on Voronoff's merry-go-round.

"Small Miracle" (*Norman Krasna*)—Like the above, this one was manufactured by a literatus of the Hollywood studios. Its big scene shows a gangster stealing out of a telephone booth, where he has been hiding from the police and lying in wait, and avenging himself on another gangster by potting him in the middle. The married woman in clandestine rendezvous with her lover, the innocent young girl with illegitimate babe, the purloined diamond brooch, and much of the other 1902 delicatessen is also on tap. And did my critical side-kicks consider it swell!

"The Distaff Side" (*John Van Druten*)—Mr. Van Druten, who usually exercises a more skilful hand, here turns out a diffuse piece in which the rubber-stamp characters of modern sophisticated comedy are finally rounded into their moral senses by a sedate, soft-spoken, older sister who, at the final curtain, picks up the framed photograph of her dear late lamented husband from her boudoir dressing-table, presses it wistfully to her lips, and murmurs: "Don't worry any longer, darling, everything is now all right. Hailed as a masterpiece by our more soft-hearted and sentimental gangsters, racketeers and kidnappers.

"D'Oyly Carte Opera Company"—A Gilbert and Sullivan troupe whose performances in English have been confined largely to the provinces but which has been put over on the local trade as being the eighteen-carat genuine London Savoy Theatre article. Even so, despite much to be desired, it is a deal better than the troupes to which local customers have lately been accustomed.

"Spring Song" (*B. and S. Spewack*)—Copious tears spilled over a Ghetto maiden who is seduced and finds herself lamentably with child. Very wet.

"Divided By Three" (*Margaret Leech and Beatrice Kaufman*)—At the conclusion of the second act, the son discovers that his mother has a lover and, swatting her, loudly proclaims, as he stamps out of the door, that she is a whore. This is pretty damned hard, these days, on mamma, I think you will agree. The play itself was even harder on the audience.

"Between Two Worlds" (*Elmer Rice*)—Following close upon the heels of John Howard Lawson and his "Gentlewoman," it is now Mr. Rice who burrows in the storehouse of stale theatrical plots and once again emerges with the one about the man of the people and the swell society dame. As in Mr. Lawson's excavation, Mr. Rice's rough diamond leans toward Communism and, as in Mr. Lawson's and a couple of hundred other playwrights' exhibits, his noble speeches duly contrive at the end of the second act to make the erstwhile haughty one proceed illicitly to bed with him. Just how this proves the especial virtues of the Communistic doctrine, which Mr. Rice so highly admires, many Royalists, Fascists, Socialists, Republicans, Democrats and Mugwumps, who have achieved the same end merely by pouring out an extra glass of wine or telling 'em that their eyes are like deep pools in a forest, will perhaps experience some difficulty in making out.

"Allure" (*Leigh Burton Wells*)—At the second act curtain of this honey, in turn, the jealous wife seizes a hammer and smashes to bits the statue that her sculptor-husband has made of her young rival, which is all you need to know—except perhaps the further information that the play is of the "Where can Seonie be?"—"Ah, here he comes!" school of dramatic composition.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife" (*Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly*)—Erie Canal lore, based on a novel by Walter D. Edmonds. A commendable, if not dramatically active, effort to break with the humdrum stencils of the local showshop. Spots are amusing, but numerous others are rather dull.

SERVANTS OF GOD: No. 30

Associated Press Dispatch:

Kansas City, Mo.—Officials today dropped their investigation of a complaint that the Rev. Earl A. Blackman, head of the Kansas City Youth Forum, had sought employment for an eighteen-year-old girl at a bath house described by County Prosecutor W. W. Graves, Jr., as a "place of ill repute." Graves said there was insufficient evidence at law to warrant a criminal charge, but he characterized the conduct of the minister as "unpardonable from a standpoint of moral and common decency."

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JOE JOE: AN AMERICAN BOY

by MYRON GRIFFIN

THOUGH I hadn't seen him for several years, it was at once apparent that Joe Joe was still the same. Even before I could open my mouth or put out my hand in greeting he had brought forth a silver thing which produced a cigarette and a light at the same time, and had invited me up to his apartment for a drink. "Howsit going, howsit going?" he asked. "You been in town? You get through school O. K.? You working?"

I took the cigarette from the flame, but he had gone on talking. He had just got a new woman, the best he'd ever had. He wanted me to meet her. She had everything. Clothes. Personality. And looks. And her figure—! This feature he could only describe by a slow, swelling motion of cupped hands and a grunt of pure ecstasy. "Wait till you see her!" he promised, "Boy, oh boy, is she a bitch!"

I remembered that Joe Joe had nearly always had a woman of some kind, that even in prep school girls had been attracted to him. Not by his handsomeness, for Joe Joe had pimples on his chin; but by the glibness of his manner and by the fact that he had a car, a six-cylinder car. Only a few of the boys had cars, and those Ford bugs they had built over themselves, but Joe Joe's was a seven-passenger sedan, and it usually contained from eight to ten very happy and noisy girls.

We had begun calling him Joe Joe because it distinguished him from other Joes. Others were like him, others purposely imitated him, but it was he the teachers spoke of as the natural leader. Rarely, however, did he take an active part; I remembered him as usually watching from over our shoulders when we were engaged in the craze of the moment. When it was home-made radio sets, Joe Joe watched for a while, listened with the ear-phones, then said Oh Rats! and walked away. The next day he turned up with a portable radio, leather-cased, which would bring in even distant stations on a loud-speaker. When it had been the tedious building of model airplanes which rarely flew, Joe Joe said, "Why spend all that time?" and brought around his—a ready-made, beautifully contrived thing, light and strong and shining, which not only would fly, but would take off from the ground. It had been the same with kites, with slingshots (he had one of aluminum and bright red rubber), with fishing poles and tackle. It had even been the same as far back as our first clandestine smoking—our cut plug rolled in toilet paper, his cork-tipped Egyptian cigarettes.

He always had time to go to shows and dances. Somehow he never had homework to do. We spent long hours sweating out English themes which received poor grades, while Joe Joe practised a very simple method of obtaining good ones: for themes which had been graded A a few years previous he would pay twenty-five cents spot cash. The teachers thought they had an Arthur Brisbane.

Joe Joe was in all the school activities. He was usually a chairman of committees. He was manager of the paper, and had passes to all the shows. He called the football players by their first names, went along on trips, and sat on the bench at games, for he was also manager of the team. He was, in fact, regarded as by far the most substantial and trustworthy boy in the class, and at graduation was unanimously chosen to write and deliver the Senior Farewell. That cost him two bucks.

But he didn't go on to college. There was no percentage, he said, for he was already making money managing a crew of house-to-house salesmen. Every morning he put the pepper into them, and then was free to shoot pool until late afternoon, when he had to calculate the day's earnings.

And I found he was still managing salesmen, though now, of course, he had a much better position.

"Only thing is," he told me, "it's hard to get live ones nowadays. Some way they're still kind of punch-drunk, and it makes it pretty tough on me . . . But I tell you, it's no use going along the way you are. Never get anywhere that way. You got to get somebody working for you, I'm telling you."

We drove along. It was quite wonderful to see the ease with which Joe Joe, lounging at the wheel, sent the car through traffic. I had never seen an automobile with quite so many of its operations automatic. I was conscious of nothing but buildings silently going past, and when we encountered an obstruction of any kind he simply sounded a blast on the horn—which he informed me could be heard, if conditions were proper, two miles—and the way became clear.

Though I was eager to look at Joe Joe's new woman, the moment we entered he sent her off to mix drinks, and I saw only that she was blonde with a face that looked to be enamelled to go through anything. He showed me around the place. The lights which went on at the opening of a door. The wall which opened and became a bed, upon the springs of which I had to bounce to see how soft it was. The invisible radio, seemingly without controls, which changed automatically from one dance band to another. The electric log which made a cheery light on the green tile hearth. It was certainly very nice. I murmured as much, and reached for a cigarette. But Joe Joe cried "Uh-uh-uh!", picked up a silver case, pressed a button, and out rolled a cigarette, already alight.

His woman came into the room then, and we sat down with our drinks. She didn't say anything, only sat between us, her ornamental legs crossed, silently filling the air with an expensive scent. I spoke to her, and discovered that, if addressed, she would plug in her smile and answer. She said either, "Yeah?", "Uh-huh," or "You're tellin' me?"

"Well," said Joe Joe, "I'll tell you. You're luckier than most, at least you've got some kind of a job. But all you guys that went to college out of our class, I dunno. I see them on the street. Most of them still living with their folks. That's a hell of a place to bring your girl."

It was true, I said, not many of them had jobs.

Joe Joe smiled and shook his head. He looked at me. "Just what the hell did you guys get out of that four years, anyway?"

"Oh," I said, "some of us didn't get much, but all of us got something. I'm not sorry I went."

"Well, just what did you get?"

I thought of the smooth feel of Joe Joe's automobile, the warm comfortable apartment, his woman, his Scotch. Of this I had certainly got very little, and what I had could not compare. He was waiting for an answer. "Well——"

"Look," Joe Joe said, flipping open his bill-book, showing me a red-and-white card much like the membership certificate of my alumni association, "here's what you got. An alumni card. Gets you good seats at the football games. Well, see mine? Special Courtesy Card. That outfit of yours is hard up, you know it? This didn't cost so much." He flipped the wallet shut and smiled fraternally. "Got yours yet?"

I laughed. "No, I haven't. Can't afford the dues."

"Haw! Haw!" Joe Joe said. "Well, there you are."

"Yes," I smiled, "there you are."

"Oh well—" he said in good humor, "here, finish your drink and let Baby give you some more."

Baby smiled and refilled my glass. Joe Joe held out his and said, "What you think of my woman? Pretty fine, like I said? Damn right. Smile for me, Baby." Baby plugged in her smile, holding her head on one side. "That's fine. Now kiss me." Baby put down the shaker and kissed him hard, running her hand over

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the back of his neck. "That's fine. That's mighty fine. Pour yourself a drink, Baby."

I smiled to myself. Joe Joe, I reflected, certainly had made good. But then we had always known he would do it.

I got up to go.

"Oh," he said, "you going? I was going to get you a girl and we'd have a little party."

"Oh, never mind."

"Sure? Well——" he said, rising, "suit yourself——"

I was to drop in any time at all, and he'd have that girl. I thanked them; his woman politely showed her teeth; I shook hands and left.

Later on I found out why he had seemed so particularly pleased with her. She was equipped with an organic defect which rendered presenting him with a child an impossibility.

He always liked convenient little things.

RIOT IN THE ABBEY

by HORACE REYNOLDS

THE OPENING night of the play was a gala event. The Government had just granted the Abbey Theatre an annual subsidy. This and the success of O'Casey's two preceding plays had saved the Abbey from going dark. The house was sold out; the audience was distinguished and expectant. O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock" had been a better play than his "Shadow of a Gunman." Would "The Plough and the Stars," his third play, maintain this crescendo of better and better plays? The directors knew they had a great play; that is why members of the recently-generous Government were in the audience by their invitation. Literary Dublin knew it, too: Yeats, A.E., Oliver Gogarty, Liam O'Flaherty, Walter Starkie, and many other Irish men of letters were in the stalls. Back-stage, the players knew it also; so did Lennox Robinson, the director of the play, and Sean O'Casey, its big-featured, then tousled-haired author. Everybody was excited. It was a world première.

The audience loved the play, its rich, torrential speech excited them like drink, charged their blood with joy. But there was much tension. Something was wrong. One felt suppression increasing as the play went on, damming itself up. There was much laughter and applause, but some people laughed in the wrong way.

Violence is deeply ingrained in Dublin. For hundreds of years the history of Dublin has been one flaming act of resistance. It is, consequently, a frustrated city: it is not at peace with itself. And frustration has bred spite and envy and malice.

The next day a group of Republicans led by Maude Gonne, a tall, gaunt, violent woman with the ruins of a great beauty in her face, saw a good chance to strike at the Government through the play. That subsidy had made the Abbey the Government's protegé: the Government in a measure was responsible for the play. On the second night of "The Plough" they picketed the Abbey, charging with the current of their destroying energy the men and women who brushed by them out of the February night into the theatre.

Inside the theatre the first act of the play went much as it had on the previous night. Again there was the tension that strung one to irritability, the feeling of expectancy and waiting. There was, however, little in the rich racial comedy of the first act to arouse anything but joy in even the most touchy Nationalist. But they could and did object to the Sinn Fein flag being carried into a public house at the end of the second act. They also objected to the prostitute that O'Casey had put into the same act. And then they just objected. They filled the inside of the Abbey with suppressed violence. And the rest of the audience caught and held that feeling. Logic had nothing to do with it. One of the actors told O'Casey that he himself had seen the Tri-color in a public house, and many of the audience had doubtless seen it there too, but that only made them object the more. If it was true, it shouldn't be. Of course they all saw prostitutes every day on the streets of Dublin, but a play of the Dublin slums must not have any. Every good Irishman must act as if there weren't any.

But at this time Dublin was especially sensitive to prostitutes. Honor Bright, a beautiful young girl of the streets, had recently been very cruelly murdered. After a night of revelry two men had driven with her out into the Dublin mountains. There they had shot her and thrown her body into a ditch beside the road.

Dublin is an emotional city. Moods seize and hold it, as they seize and hold a sensitive man of nerves. The city is terribly, almost intolerably aware. I have seen a large public funeral enslave the attention of all Dublin for days. You couldn't escape the depression: it was everywhere, pressing down on the city like a heavy smoke fog.

So that tumultuous second act, through which Rosie, a Dublin harlot, flaunts her provocative prettiness, played to, and on, keyed-up nerves. Again the audience was strained and expectant, inclined to hiss. One knew that behind that hissing was strung a mob intensity which sought outlet, relief.

On Wednesday night the tension was almost unbearable. One was almost glad that the audience booed at Ria Mooney who played the part of Rosie; that they hissed when the Tri-color was carried on at the end of the second act. One wanted this tension released, as one wants instinctively to run to meet a danger and have it over with. "Honor Bright!" some members of the audience shouted at Miss Mooney, and "Get off the stage! If there is any shame in you, get off the stage!" And then they hissed and cheered and yelled. And with every hiss, and cheer, and yell, the audience gathered voice and confidence. The dam that had held them quiet and restrained during the first act was rapidly breaking.

II

Rosie and Tom, the barman, hold the center of the stage during the first part of that great second act, in which against the background of a low Dublin pub is flung so much of Joyce's and O'Casey's Ireland; the poverty, pride and passion of a people whose humor is that of the Dance of Death, who laugh because they have nothing else left. While Rosie and the barman talk, a political orator outside chants the speech which was the signal for the Revolution of 1916, a speech that has now become part of very Irish memory.

In the wings Sean O'Casey and the company and the stagehands stood cold with intensity watching Rosie and the barman. No one knew what was going to happen. That rioting element in the audience was getting more out of hand every moment. It was a good deal like a mob at a lynching: you could almost feel emotion ripple from spectator to spectator. That audience was waiting its chance. Had there been the slightest falter from the small, dark girl who played Rosie, they would have leapt instantly into wild uproar. But that small girl was a fighter. She put all she had, or could borrow, into playing her part: she played as she had never played before. The audience booed, threw pennies, bad eggs, even coal. One lump struck Rosie in the shin. Those watching in the wings started, as if it had struck them. But the girl didn't start; she never lost a syllable of her lines.

O'Casey watched with a great fury in him. To him Rosie was more than a character: she was a friend seeking what he had often sought from life—food and shelter. Cold, penniless, hungry, he had heard from the like of Rosie, "Have a bun, mate, have a cup of coffee, mate," and for those buns and that coffee there were great gulps of gratitude in him.

Finally Miss Mooney finished her scene and made the wings. It was a triumph for the small dark girl; with the odds greatly

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against her she had beaten that audience. O'Casey took her in his arms and kissed her. He said little, just "Thanks, much," patting her shoulder comfortingly while she cried with anger, humiliation, and relief.

At the opening of the third act Mrs. Gogan and her consumptive child are alone upon the stage. Again the audience was taut as an E string. They ached to rid themselves of the curb that held them. And it was a young girl who started the pour and avalanche of released feeling. Her nerves strained to the breaking point, she leapt up like an inflamed Negress at a camp meeting, rushed down the aisle, climbed upon the stage, threw the consumptive child off the chair, and pushed the mother with the meaningless fury with which one angry child sometimes pushes another.

And then the dam broke.

Men and women both scrambled upon the stage after the young girl. From the wings, out rushed the stage-hands and several members of the company to meet them, and the fight was on, a hand-to-hand struggle for the possession of the stage. That stage was theirs, it belonged to the actors and the stage-hands, and they meant to keep it clear of the audience if they could. Like a flag furled, down came the curtain, but when it fell they fought through the curtain, striking and pushing at each other's outlines in it. It was all very much like a scene out of one of O'Casey's plays, life imitating O'Casey, as O'Casey had imitated life.

No Irishman can resist an opportunity to make a speech. You could see speech trembling on the lips of several members of the company. Barry Fitzgerald alone seemed to feel no immediate need of self-expression. In the preceding mêlée a rioter had afforded him in person what Tom the barman nightly denied him as Fluther Good in the play—the satisfaction of sending a perfectly-timed right to the jaw and seeing his man leave the stage head first for the stalls. So he looked on, satisfied, while F. J. McCormick, the Abbey's most versatile actor, shouted against a wall of shouting and jeering, "You mustn't blame the company. We are not these characters!"

To Gabriel Fallon, another member of the company, McCormick's speech, unintentionally, of course, had sounded too much as if the company was trying to save its own skin at the expense of that of the author. Riot, or not, he was for no compromise: he tried to justify O'Casey to his audience. But the audience was in no mood to take the balance of two cases. They were making dramatic history, but they weren't conscious of that. They were doing what they had wanted to do for two long acts, break the tension that was in them, interrupt the play, stand up on their legs and shout, hurling the force of their personalities against something on the stage they had found an excuse not to like.

In the meantime some one had sent to a newspaper office in the neighborhood for Yeats. As soon as he appeared back stage, the company surrounded him, crying, "You must make a speech!" "But what shall I say?" said Yeats, and then, his eyes filling with a thought, he stepped out in front of the curtain, the Prologo to this new play without the play.

III

When the crowd saw Yeats, they quieted as they had not for McCormick and Fallon: there is still left in the Irishman some of the reverence his ancestors felt for the poetic order, when the person of the poet was as sacred as that of the priest. Tall, handsome, iron-gray locks falling over the sides of a fine, high brow, his large, receding nostrils quivering with excitement, the thought of words trembling about the lines of his mouth, Yeats began his speech with a rebuke: "You have disgraced yourselves again."

And then the uproar was so great that one could not distinguish his words. A lady took off one of her shoes and hurled it at a Republican woman who she thought was trying to get upon the stage, and it parabolaed so close to Yeats as to look as if it had been thrown at him. I doubt if he even saw it: his mind was on what he was saying, if no one else's was. But as he went on, gradually the audience became quieter until he could be heard. He ended with a burst of rhetoric that, coming as it did at the height of a long series of mounting phrases, exploded like a rocket in the heavily charged air of that theatre, clearing the air like a clap of thunder: "You have rocked the cradle of genius! The fame of O'Casey is born tonight! This is the apotheosis!"

Yeats had quieted that turbulent crowd, as twenty years before he had quieted another audience which had rioted over Synge's "Playboy of the Western World." One must admit that the rioting element in the Dublin audience is finical: it refuses to row over anything less than a masterpiece; then it allows only genius to calm its passion.

Now the audience was still, purged by its own action and Yeats' oratory of the suppressed feeling that for three acts had strung it tight and vibrant. And so when the C.I.D. (the Civil Investigation Department) arrived, there was little for them to do but maintain the order that Yeats had brought about with his words.

The play went on. The rest of the third act, and the fourth act were played, though with lights up and the C.I.D. in watchful attendance. But everything was quiet . . . The company had police protection home.

The next day the story of that riot went around the world. Once again a Dublin audience had paid to Irish genius its tribute of jeers; once again Dublin's violence had flung an Irish dramatist to fame.

WOMEN AND THE REVOLUTION

by H. GORDON

MY grandmother, having lived forty years of her life in Russia and thirty-four years in the United States, has had sufficient strength of body and of mind to retain her sanity, which, she maintains, indicates a certain amount of dulness in the constitution of her nervous system.

"You can estimate the quality of a social system," she says, "by calculating the percentage of unbalanced people in lunatic asylums—and out of them. I have never yet heard of a mad lion or a mad bear unless, of course, man has attempted to domesticate it for the amusement of the people. Man, too, has been domesticated—for someone's amusement, I suppose, whose, though, I am not sure."

As a result of her experience she has become a Radical of no particular party and no great consistency of principle. But she is a Radical. So much so, in fact, that when I wish to jolly her I call her "Babushka." Then she flares up and trembles so that I have a very difficult time calming her by reminding her frequently of her high blood-pressure.

I keep her posted on events by reading articles and books to her. She is not at all interested in the newspapers. "What," she says, "is the use of reading them? One kidnapping case or more? Does it matter? As for the important news, my eyes are far too old and weak to ferret it out. I shall leave that research work to you, Herbert."

And so, the other night, I sat down at her bed-side and said, "Grandmother, I have something for you."

"Quit the grandmother stuff, you deluded bourgeois," she replied quickly, her old face wrinkled with pleasure, "and out with it."

"It is an article about the proletarian woman of today."

"Oh, let me go to sleep."

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"No, no, it is not what you think."

Trembling, I read her the article. Trembling, I waited.

"A glass of water, Herbert."

I hurried to fulfill the order. That is a good sign, you see. She likes to say, with a luscious relish of the vernacular, "How can I sing if I do not wet my whistle?"

"You are well aware, Herbert," she began, smiling broadly, "that all the progress in this world is made by diseased people. According to the nature of things it must be so. They are the ones who ferret out, because of their overbearing sensitivity which serves them as antennæ, the inconsistencies, the injustices, the rottennesses of social systems. A strong, healthy constitution will not mind the noises and the thundering stinks of our system. A diseased one will, must, in fact, because its diseases are produced by those very aspects of the system, and it will, willy-nilly, throw fits and convulsions.

"Now, besides that, it follows logically that diseased individuals are ever and always in the van of the movements which stand for revolution, for these movements are formed to try to eradicate from life certain unnatural diseases, the same that they are suffering from. A healthy individual, in the first place, would not notice these diseases, and, in the second place, would not be interested in consulting a doctor about a disease he is not suffering from.

"Now, of all creatures, the female sex of the human species is the most diseased. She is the victim of more psychoses, neuroses, repressions, inhibitions and such Freudian gifts than I am qualified to enumerate or explain. Besides certain minor remedies and alleviations, marriage and children eliminate some of these. But, although I am not up on the statistics, I am sure that at the present stage of our system prostitution is increasing and population decreasing. Prostitution, however, is not absorbing the female birth-rate as quickly as it might, and an unfortunate result of this is that the number of females in lunatic asylums and sanatoria is on the steady increase. The same goes for the men. They, too, are entering asylums in ever-increasing numbers; but the women, being more diseased, have a better percentage. Oh, come now, Herbert, don't look shocked at me. Go out and hunt up a policeman and look shocked at him.

"Men have more opportunities for substituting and sublimating their diseases. For example, they can come home and beat up their wives. Still again, they can take a good shot of whiskey. More revolutions have evaporated with the perspiration on the beating arm of a husband and been dissipated with the fumes of alcohol than most Communists, in their bloodiest dreams, ever dream of.

"Women—or shall I say ladies?—cannot beat up their husbands nor can they very well drink themselves into a false kind of health. Comstocks and doctors advise against it. Therefore, there are, for the most part, only two alternatives, as anyone with a smattering of algebra can see.

"And I think, Herbert, that you will bear me out when I say that the number of girls entering the revolutionary movement is on the up-grade, even more so than that of boys. They are beginning to understand their predicament. They realize that the Revolution is their only salvation. And I predict to you, Herbert, that ladies—or shall I say women?—will grow more and more powerful in the work for revolution and to them will belong a great part of the honor of dedicating the New Jerusalem.

"You see, the choice is simple and clear-cut: it is the Communist Party or the Lunatic Asylum.

"No, no, Herbert. That is all. I do not want to argue. I want to sleep. Take the glass away and good-night. And I shall not wake you up unless you tell me to, unless you tell me that you want to behold rising from the fecal and saprogenic dregs of the haggish night the fresh and simple beauty of the new day."

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Act of March 3, 1933

Published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1st, 1934, State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George Jean Nathan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is an editor of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher: Catherine McNelis, 55 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editors: George Jean Nathan, Ernest Boyd, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell and Eugene O'Neill, 55 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor: None. Business Manager: None.

2. That the owner is: THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, Inc., 55 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y., consisting of: Catherine McNelis, 55 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George Jean Nathan, Ernest Boyd, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell and Eugene O'Neill, 55 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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